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CHRISTMAS STOCKING SERIES

GYP AT HOME AND ABROAD

By

John Howard Jewett

Author of "The Bunny Stories," etc.

With eight colored illustrations

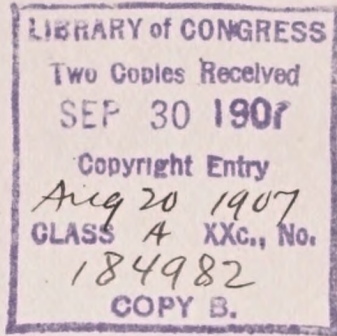
BY ETHEL N. FARNSWORTH

And many illustrations in black and white



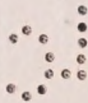
NEW YORK
FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

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September, 1907




**Gyp and the Hand-
Organ Monkey**

Gyp at Home and Abroad

I

GYP AND THE HAND-ORGAN MONKEY

 HERE wasn't a hand-organ in all Monkeytown, and strange as it may seem, the hand-organ-man had never visited that part of the world.

All that the monkey-folk knew about hand-organ music, was that it was

THE HAND-ORGAN MONKEY

a good thing for monkeys to keep away from, if they wished to be free and happy.

Only one monkey in Monkeytown, and he was very, very old, had ever seen the hand-organ man turning the crank of a music box with one hand, while the other was busy holding, or jerking, a strong cord with a young monkey tied to the other end.

This very old monkey's nick-name was "Jocko De

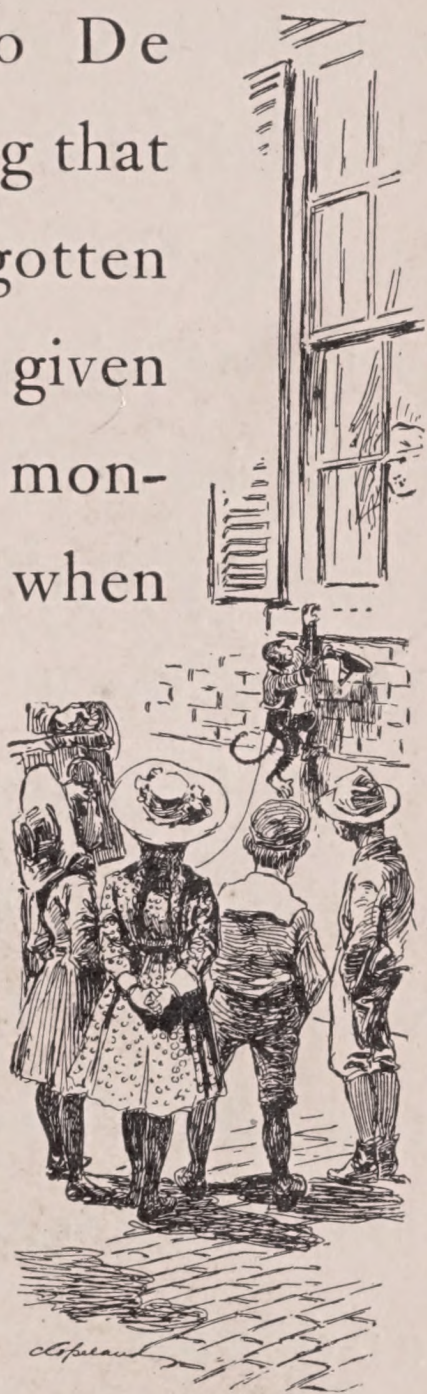


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THE HAND-ORGAN MONKEY

Munk," and he had been called Jocko De Munk so long that he had forgotten the name given him by his monkey parents when he was christened.

Wherever Jocko was known, his monkey-friends thought he was very wise, because he had seen so



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much more of the world outside than they had seen, or wished to see, after hearing the stories Jocko told of his adventures when he was young, and ran away from his home in Monkeytown.

Little Gyp Monkey one of the heroes of this story, who lived in Monkeytown, had often heard of Jocko De Munk and his stories, and one day when he found Jocko resting in the top of a tall tree, Gyp po-

THE HAND-ORGAN MONKEY

lately offered to get him some ripe cocoanuts, hoping the old story-teller would tell him something about what happened when Jocko De Munk was a young monkey like Gyp and his mates.

Jocko thanked Gyp and said he should enjoy a very ripe cocoanut, for he was getting old and stiff in his arms and legs, and couldn't climb quite as nimbly as when younger.

Gyp soon found a large,

THE HAND-ORGAN MONKEY

well-ripened nut, as big as his head, and climbed up the tall tree with it to the smiling old monkey who said:

“You are the most civil and thoughtful young monkey I’ve met for many a day. Come and sit here alongside on this branch and let us have a little chat.”

“That’s just what I would like, if you will do the chatting, for I’ve heard all about you and your travels,” said Gyp.

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“Ah, have you, indeed?” replied Jocko. “Then there isn’t anything new for me to chat about, and I’ll keep still while you chatter.”

“Oh, I didn’t mean ‘All about you,’ I only meant some of your stories and wish to hear more, if you please,” explained Gyp.

“That is all right, I was only teasing you,” said Jocko. “What shall I tell you about first?”

“Why you ran away,

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where you went, what you saw, and how you managed to get back home again," was Gyp's rattling answer.

Jocko smiled as he said: "It is getting too late in the afternoon for all that. I was several years living through the program you have laid out, but perhaps a part of it will do, in small doses, for to-day."

"Please begin at the beginning," said Gyp. "What made you run away?"

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“I wasn’t ‘made’ to, I was only restless and foolish and didn’t know when I was well off, until it was too late to do me any good,” slowly replied Jocko.

“Well, where did you go?” asked Gyp, eager to have the story begun.

Jocko De Munk took a fresh sip of milk in the cocoanut and bracing his back against the branch behind him, said:

“Sonny, I started alone,

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without knowing where I was going. I was bound for anywhere away from home and those who loved me, because I wished to find out where the big ships came from that sometimes anchored in the bay down yonder, where the river empties into the great ocean.”

“Is it far from here?” asked Gyp, for he remembered what a parrot had told him about escaping from a ship.



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“Only a few miles down the river,” answered Jocko, “and I found a sailorman on the shore who took me with him to a big ship out in the ocean, and hid me in a dark hole until the ship sailed away.”

“Were you frightened in the dark hole?” questioned Gyp.

“Not half as frightened in the dark as I was when the sailorman took me out on the deck, and with his strange, rough companions

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stared at me, pulled my tail, blew smoke in my eyes from awful smelling pipes, and played all sorts of tricks upon me, which they called 'having fun with the little baboon!'"

"Were you a baboon then?" asked Gyp, interrupting the story because he had heard of a larger and uglier kind of monkey-cousins that lived in another part of the country.

"Of course, I wasn't a

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baboon,” replied Jocko, “I was only a little, frightened monkey-boy, all alone among strangers, far from home—and I haven’t forgotten to this day how unkind and cruel their ‘fun’ seemed to me.

“The sailors were good-natured and meant me no harm, but I didn’t understand their ways then, and I was too proud to cry, and did not feel like laughing even when they tickled me under my ribs, and joked

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each other about the difference between a monkey's grin and a cheerful smile."

"What did you do when they teased you?" asked Gyp, very soberly.

"Do? What could I do?" replied Jocko. "I tried biting and scratching and pulling away, but that only made matters worse for me and amused them the more. I soon learned a better way, and made friends of the sailormen

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before my voyage was half over.”

“Got used to their ways and didn’t mind, I suppose?” said Gyp.

“Partly so, but I noticed they changed their ways when I changed mine. When I quit sulking, and made myself friendly, by cuddling up to the first one who said a kind word, or gave me a bit of something to eat out of his pocket, they all began to pet me and say, ‘He’s a

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clever little monkey after all, and knows when he is well treated.'

"After this I had no trouble with the sailormen,—the trouble came later when the ship reached her port, and I was left alone among strangers."

"Did you run away from the ship and get lost?" asked Gyp.

"No I didn't run away, I was given away, or sold, I never knew which, to the hand-organ-man.

THE HAND-ORGAN MONKEY

“Keep away from the hand-organ-man, sonny, unless you wish to work for a living that somebody else gets, and board yourself for the privilege of wearing a red coat that is too large, a blue hat that is too small, yellow trousers that are too short, and a leather collar with a string hitched to it, that can jerk your head nearly off your body twice a minute when the pennies do not come down in showers.”

THE HAND-ORGAN MONKEY

“You didn’t like the hand-organ-man as well as the sailorman, did you?” said Gyp. “Was he cruel to you?”

“Not often cruel, and sometimes very kind,” replied Jocko. “When we were alone and resting we were good friends. It was only his way of doing business, when he jerked the string too hard, or beat me, or scolded about the ‘lazy De Munk,’ as if it was my fault that the

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smooth-faced children who followed us about had no more pennies to give, or preferred to keep them to buy candy with at the store.”

“That was hard to bear,” said Gyp, as he crept a little closer to the old monkey’s side. “So that’s how you were given your queer name?”

“Yes. Jocko is a family name, but ‘Da Monka’ was my pet name, used by the hand-organ-man be-

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cause he liked his own language better than any other. Between you and me, I will explain that only the hoodlum smooth faces clipped the pretty ‘Da Monka’ to ‘De Munk,’ and as hoodlums are all alike all over the world, the same thing happened here when I returned, and began to tell the other monkey folk about my travels.”

“Do you mind being called ‘De Munk’ now?” asked Gyp.

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“Not at all, not at all. I haven’t time to teach all the monkey folk to speak hand-organ Italian, and if I had, most of them would stick to the wrong way from choice, or stupidity.

“I don’t mind a little thing like that, so long as they all treat me civilly, and speak of me as an honest monkey, who tries to be kind and friendly to everything that’s alive.

“And that reminds me to ask you a question, do

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you know any living creature, big or little, with or without legs, or wings, or fins, that really likes to be hurt? Ever hear of one, sonny?"

"Sonny" thought a minute before answering, and then said very quietly: "It would be very strange if anyone would like to be hurt. I know how it feels, and I didn't like it, not for a little minute."

"Glad you have found out so much, so early. I

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have great hopes of you, Sonny, if you always act as you think about hurting others.”

“Please tell me the rest of your story, I like it better than the kind I make for myself,” said Gyp. “How did you get away from the hand-organ-man and find your way home again?”

“It was easy to get away, but not so easy for a monkey to hide where the hand-organ-man or his

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friends could not find him. There were no monkeys running loose where we traveled, and every smooth-face creature who saw me wandering about alone, would cry out: 'There is the hand-organ-monkey! Poor little thing, he has lost his master, and looks so lonesome and homesick!'"

"Why didn't you tell them you were trying to lose your master?" asked Gyp.

THE HAND-ORGAN MONKEY

“What good would that have done me, when they thought I belonged to my ‘master’ as they called him, and not to myself?”

“Oh, Sonny,” said Jocko, earnestly, “never let anyone own you at any price. Not one of us knows how good it is to be free until we have learned how hard it is not to be free. But I found my sailor friend at last, after I had failed many times.”

“What! the same one

THE HAND-ORGAN MONKEY

you first knew?" asked Gyp.

"Not the same one, but one from the same ship, and taking pity on me, he brought me safe home, when his ship sailed on her next voyage.

"Look at the beautiful sunset over there, Sonny. It is time you ran home to supper. I will tell you more some other time. Come again soon, Sonny, I'm fond of young monkeys and—ripe cocoanuts. By, by!"

Dummy The Pet Seal

II

DUMMY THE PET SEAL



FOR a long time after Jocko Da Monka's story of the monkey-boy, who sailed away in a ship, and lived to sail back home again, to escape from the hand-organ-man, Gyp kept up a very lively thinking about the ocean, the ship and the sailorman.

Gyp knew of a brook

DUMMY THE PET SEAL

that ran from the mountain to the river, because he had followed the winding little stream for miles through the meadows and fields, until it seemed to loose itself in the river near the swimming place.

The great river he knew went flowing on and on, to somewhere beyond the forests, further than he could see from the highest tree tops.

Others, besides Jocko, had told him of the great

DUMMY THE PET SEAL

shining ocean, that made the water salty in the Monkeytown river twice every day, when the ocean tides came up to meet the brooks, and cover the smooth white sand on the bathing beach.

Gyp did not really know just where the ocean was, or how far away, but he was sure it must be somewhere, and Jocko said he had made the trip from Monkeytown to the ship in one day.

DUMMY THE PET SEAL

When Gyp planned a fishing trip, he did not always explain to his good mother-monkey all he was going to do, because he did not always know what might happen to change his plans; and his good mother always trusted her Gyppie to do right, and keep out of mischief if possible when out of sight.

One Friday evening, Gyp said he would like to go to bed early and get up before sunrise for an all-day

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outing with his fishing rod and lunch-box.

“I’m afraid you will get tired before the day is over,” said the mother-monkey, “and I hope you will keep away from the river.”

“I’ll come home when I am tired, but don’t worry about me if I am late, mother,” said Gyp.

“How can I help worrying, if you are away all day,” said his mother. “Why are you planning to go so far, or stay so long!

DUMMY THE PET SEAL

Can't you trust your mother with your secret?"

"It is a secret mother," answered Gyp, "but I will tell you all about it when I come back. I'm going to see where the river goes, as far as I can, but I'll be careful and get home by suppertime. Please let me go, for I couldn't help telling you my secret."

"I'll trust my boy because he trusts his mother; you may go, and we will keep the secret between

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us," said the smiling mother-monkey, as she kissed Gyp 'good-night,' with a promise to have his breakfast and lunch-box ready for him early in the morning.

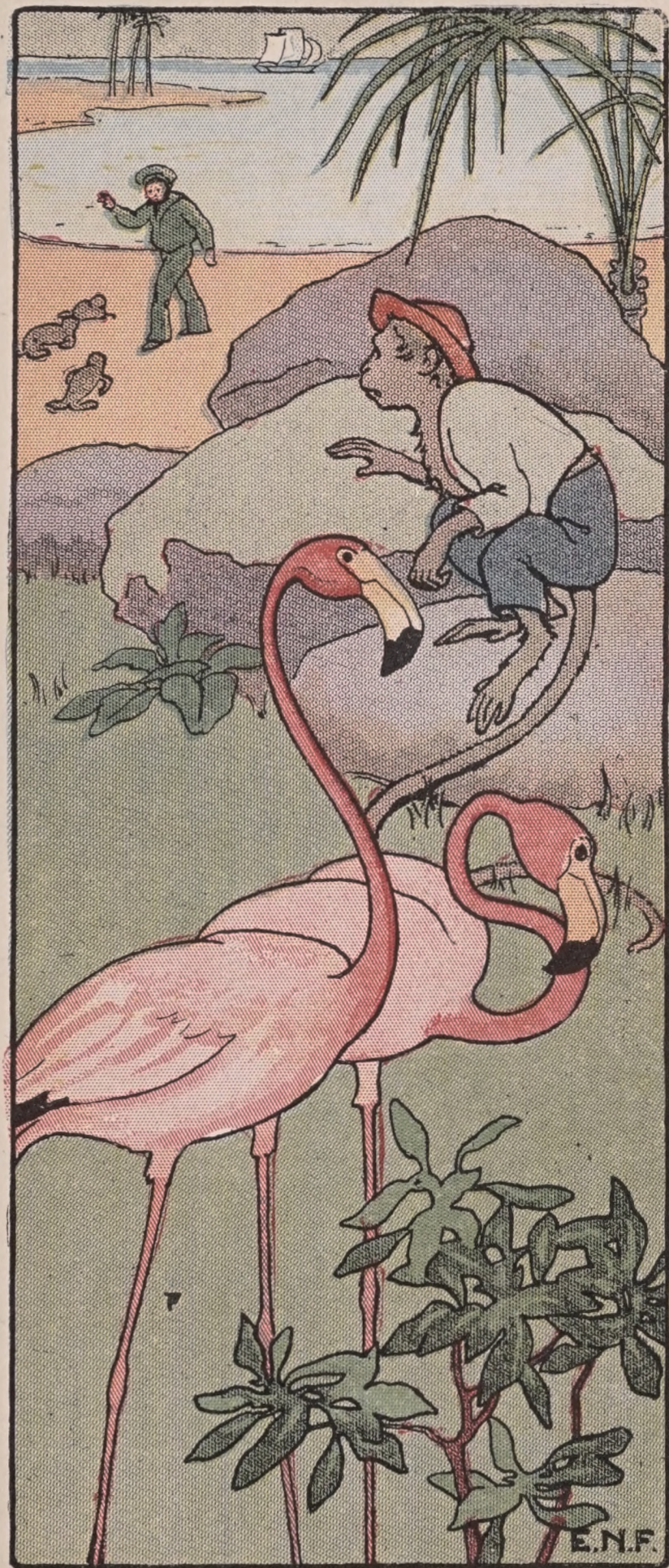
Gyp was up and off on his tramp very soon after sunrise, and before noon he came to the shore where the river ended in a deep bay that was a part of the broad and wonderful ocean.

This was the ocean Gyp had heard about and

DUMMY THE PET SEAL

thought about, and yet had never dreamed of such a great sweep of water, that seemed half as large as the sky.

Out in the bay was a ship, lying steady and motionless, as if asleep on the water, and near by on the beach was a strange smooth-face sailorman playing with three queer, clumsy little animals, that were flopping about on the sand and barking like hoarse puppies at play.



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Gyp waited and watched the frolic for a few minutes, half afraid the sailorman might not prove friendly, or wish to take him to the dark hole on the ship, and sail away as the other sailorman had taken Jocko.

The strange group on the beach at last tempted Gyp to go near enough to call out in his very kindest tones: "Oh, sailorman, may I come and play with you, and will you let me go home afterwards?"

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“Hello, monkey-boy,” answered the sailorman, “what are you afraid of? Come over here and see the show; we are not kidnapping monkeys on this trip, so don’t be afraid.”

The cheery voice and hearty manner of the sailorman, gave Gyp fresh courage, and without waiting a minute he ran down the beach, and taking off his hat he bowed to the sailorman and looking at the strange creatures sim-

DUMMY THE PET SEAL

ply asked: "What are they?"

"Never saw a baby-seal before? Well, you are a fresh young monkey," replied the sailorman.

"Baby-seals! Where do they come from? What are they good for? How do they walk without any legs?" asked Gyp all in one breath.

"You ought to carry a pocket dictionary, you ask so many questions at once," jokingly answered the sail-

DUMMY THE PET SEAL

orman. "I have told you they were baby-seals, and they are the brightest little cubs that ever went to sea in a ship. They have come with me from the other side of the ocean."

"Is it far?" asked Gyp.

"Only several thousand miles from their home in the north?" said the sailor, "and these poor little orphans are good for pets, if you have nothing better when you are lonesome."

"Is that all?" asked Gyp.

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“That’s all they are good for to me, and that’s enough, so long as they are happy, but I have known folks who kill them to use their fur for warm clothing,” said the sailorman, and added: “You don’t wear or need fur capes and overcoats over here in this hot country, do you?”

Gyp thought of the hoodlum-monkeys, who had once shut him in a barrel, and then slyly said: “I wore a ‘wooden over-

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coat' once, but I didn't need it only a little while," and then he asked: "What do the seals do without legs?"

The sailorman chuckled as he answered: "The same as you do without wings: they use what nature gave them. They swim very well in water, and flop around pretty lively on the rocks and beaches, with those strong flippers they use for arms and hands. Look out or

DUMMY THE PET SEAL

you'll get a cuff you will remember."

"Are they brothers and sisters?" asked Gyp, stepping away from the seal he was petting.

"They lack one sister of being 'brothers and sisters.' Haven't you learned to count?" said the teasing sailorman.

"Oh, yes, I see now, the two brothers have one sister, and the sister has two brothers, that's easy," replied Gyp.

DUMMY THE PET SEAL

You are a scholar. That's the whole arithmetic of this family," replied the sailorman, as he picked up the smallest seal and patting his soft plump sides, said: "Poor little cub has lost his voice and can't scold or find fault if he tries. Can you, Dummy!"

"Can the others talk?" was Gyp's next question.

"Yes, in their own way, and they are learning fast how to talk with me," said the sailorman, "but this

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little cub lost his voice by plunging into the bay for a swim, when he was hot from play with the others. He can only try to talk with his eyes now, until he gets over his cold, if he ever does."

"How does he talk with his eyes?" asked Gyp, as he looked at the baby-seal's large, round, earnest eyes.

"Smiles with them when he's happy. Frowns with them when he is teased, and cries with them when

DUMMY THE PET SEAL

he is hurt or grieved. Dummy seems to like you, on short acquaintance; there is no frightened look in his eyes when you pat him," said the sailorman, carefully putting the seal in Gyp's arms.

"Oh, please give him to me, I'll be good to him," exclaimed Gyp.

"Have you any young monkey-sisters or brothers, or cousins at home that you will give me in exchange?" asked the sailor-

DUMMY THE PET SEAL

man with a twinkle in his kindly eyes.

Gyp dropped the seal on the sand and stepping a little further away he promptly answered:

“We don’t trade our own monkey-folk for anything. We are too fond of each other to do such a wicked thing, but I wish you would give me the little one; you will have two left.”

“Tell you what I will do,” said the sailorman;

DUMMY THE PET SEAL

“the big brother is getting cross with Dummy, and makes lots of trouble, unless I keep them apart in the tanks they live in on the ship. If you will be kind to Dummy, and let him live in the water most of the time you may take him home. You live near the tide water above here, I presume?”

Gyp's eyes sparkled as he thanked the sailorman, and asked: “How can I keep Dummy from swim-

DUMMY THE PET SEAL

ming away and getting lost in this great ocean?"

"Hitch him with a light chain on the shore, where he can paddle in the water, and give him plenty of fish to eat, until he gets tame and too fond of you to wish to go wandering away."

Gyp thought a minute and then asked: "Couldn't we fence off a big corner of our cove where the rocks are high and steep on both sides, and where

DUMMY THE PET SEAL

Dummy could be left loose without the chain?"

"Capital plan," said the sailorman. "Good-by, little Dummy; the monkey-boy knows just what kind of a home a poor little orphan like you ought to have. You'll like the change when you are used to it, and get over your lonesomeness. Take him along in your arms, monkey-boy, and don't drop him on the way. It is time I went aboard ship

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with these babies. Be good to Dummy. Good-by!”

Clasping the baby-seal in his arms close under the flippers, and face to the front, Gyp proudly marched



off with his prize. That long homeward trip would almost make a story all by

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itself, for the seal, though small, seemed to grow heavier every mile, and before the journey was over he began to squirm and flop and talk with his eyes in a manner that even a monkey-boy stranger could understand.

Gyp made good time on the way, reaching home before dark, and the astonished family listened to his story of the strange new pet until bedtime. Then Gyp and his father-monkey

DUMMY THE PET SEAL

gave Dummy a fish supper and put him to bed in an old boat that was half full of water, and covered it over with boards and branches for the night.

Dummy soon became the pet of the neighborhood, and every monkey-boy who owned, or could rig a fishing tackle, was so eager to catch fish for the baby-seal's breakfast, dinner and supper, that the father-monkey said it looked as if it

DUMMY THE PET SEAL

had rained fishes every morning.

With plenty to eat, and a good appetite between meals, Dummy seemed quite contented, except just before sunset on pleasant days, when Gyp would let him lie on a flat rock where he could see the river running to the ocean.

At such times Dummy seemed homesick, and though he liked the music of Gyp's harmonica, he

DUMMY THE PET SEAL

would turn his face toward the setting sun and look wistfully in that direction, sniffing the air as if he was hungry for a real sea-breeze, or could hear other music in the distance that reminded him of home.

Then Gyp would imagine Dummy was talking with his sad eyes, asking for his seal-mates, which made him almost willing to set his little pet free, until with more fish and music

DUMMY THE PET SEAL

Dummy would seem to forget his homesickness.

The boy monkeys had great fun watching Gyp and Dummy go in swimming together, Gyp wading in the shallows, while Dummy splashed and dived, and obeyed the lightest pull on the long cord when Gyp called him to come inshore.

Monkey-Pug, who was a hoodlum kind of a monkey-boy, was often present. He was a fearless swimmer

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and diver, and sometimes Gyp would let him take Dummy into the deep diving pool near a tree on the river bank, where all could watch the sport.

One afternoon after school hours, while Monkey-Pug was performing with Dummy in the deep pool, the baby-seal became too frisky and the quick-tempered monkey struck Dummy a sharp blow on the head.

Dummy dived, and staid

DUMMY THE PET SEAL

under water so long that the impatient Monkey-Pug jerked hard on the cord, and began treading water while waiting for the seal to come up.

Suddenly Dummy's head appeared close beside Monkey-Pug, and quick as a flash, Dummy clasped his flippers tight around the monkey's body, and with his full weight sank to the bottom, dragging Monkey-Pug with him.

The startled young

DUMMY THE PET SEAL

monkeys on the bank watched for the heads to come up, but only ripples



and bubbles could be seen where the water had closed over the pair.

A full minute which seemed a much longer time, passed in silence, until the frightened watchers in the tree and on the bank

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thought Monkey-Pug must surely be drowned. Then at last, up came the gasping monkey's head above water, with a gurgling cry for "help!"

With a long pole and quick work, the half drowned and thoroughly frightened monkey was pulled ashore, rolled on a log to get the water out, and the air into his lungs once more, until he was soon able to sit up, but the baby-seal had disappeared.



DUMMY THE PET SEAL

Saddened by the loss of the pet, and the strange ending of the sport, the monkey-mates helped Monkey-Pug away, while Gpy ran home to the sunset rock, hoping that Dummy would come back when he heard his voice or the music.

Gyp played his merriest tunes on the harmonica, until twilight came, when to his joy he saw Dummy pop up his head far out in the stream, and crane his

DUMMY THE PET SEAL

neck from side to side as if trying to see whether Gyp was alone.

“Come back to me, Dummy. Come home to your supper; no one shall strike you again!” cried Gyp.

1 Dummy shook his head half sadly, but firmly, gave a few quick little barks, the first Gyp had ever heard from his pet, and slowly came in toward the shore, until he was near enough to take a long

DUMMY THE PET SEAL

good-by look at his friend, with a new light in his talking eyes.

Something seemed to tell Gyp that his little pet was trying to say "good-by" and as Dummy turned down stream toward the ocean with a few more joyful little barks, Gyp waved his hand in silent farewell.

Standing alone on the sunset rock Gyp watched his dear little baby-seal pet swim away into the dark-

DUMMY THE PET SEAL

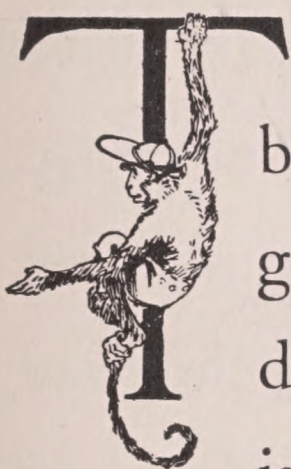
ness, and he fancied the sea-breeze brought back an echo of a parting message from Dummy, which seemed to say:

The wide, wide ocean is friendly,
And though I go alone,
I leave you with friends and
kindred,
You were kind—but I seek my
own.

Gyp's Vacation Voyage

III

GYP'S VACATION VOYAGE

 THE first thing a boy-monkey outgrows is a birthday; the last thing is his home, and there is always one thing he can never outgrow, and that is his mother's love.

Gyp had outgrown more than a dozen birthdays since his first knickerbockers, and his last new suit with long trousers, was

GYP'S VACATION VOYAGE

too short one way, and too small the other.

The trouble with Gyp's new suits was that they were too long in coming, and as he was an only son, the family was too short of boy-monkeys for Gyp to have any brotherly help in wearing these outgrown suits.

Some of Gyp's monkey-mates had a regular step-ladder arrangement of younger brother-monkeys, who came right up the

GYP'S VACATION VOYAGE

steps every year, one at a time, for the same suit, until the last little brother-monkey had all the spots and patches, and what was left of the garment.

Among the several things that Gyp had not outgrown was his curiosity about the hand-organ-man, and the strange stories that Jocko Da Monka had told him about the other side of the world.

One summer when the long vacation began, a

GYP'S VACATION VOYAGE

strange visitor came up the river in a boat and landed at Monkeytown. Meeting



Gyp on the beach the stranger spoke kindly to him, and after a little chat he surprised Gyp by asking: “Has a swear-

ing parrot from my ship ever been seen about here?”

Gyp answered by asking

GYP'S VACATION VOYAGE

another question: "Are you the Captain Sailorman, who sent us the big placard about the wicked parrot, a few years ago?"

"The same," replied the Captain. "Do you know anything about that wretched talking bunch of feathers?"

"I know more about him than I like to remember, for I am the only boy-monkey who ever went to school to that parrot," answered

GYP'S VACATION VOYAGE

Gyp, blushing a little. "I found the parrot in the woods alone and hungry, and I learned some new words from him, which cost me a good ducking to unlearn."

"Hope you have forgotten all the rascal taught you, by this time," said the Captain.

"I have tried to, but I haven't forgotten the lesson that came after, and I think that parrot would have had one to remember too, if

GYP'S VACATION VOYAGE

we had met since," said Gyp, in a very earnest tone.

"Right you are, my hearty," said the Captain.

"That Poll had a bad bringing up and improved all the opportunities for imitating the worst, that came with bad company. Might have been a respectable parrot with half the effort."

Gyp changed the subject by asking the Captain about his ship and voyage, and with a new plan in his

GYP'S VACATION VOYAGE

mind he invited the Captain to come home with him and meet his father and mother.

The Captain half-guessed what was passing in Gyp's mind, by the questions he asked, and before luncheon was over he turned to Gyp and said:

“How would you like to take a voyage with me as cabin-boy?”

This brought a sparkle into Gyp's eyes, and before the Captain left Gyp had

GYP'S VACATION VOYAGE

persuaded his father and mother to let him spend his vacation on ship-board, not as a cabin-boy, but as a cabin-passenger.

Gyp's proud father promptly gave the Captain to understand that the best was none too good for Mr. Gyppieton-Monkey's only son, and that he preferred to pay for Gyp's trip as a part of his education. The journey to a distant port would give Gyp nearly three

GYP'S VACATION VOYAGE

months' absence, with the prospect of seeing something of the great world outside of the little Monkeytown world, which Gyp felt he had already outgrown.

The good mother-monkey tried to hide in her own heart the sadness of parting by smiling bravely, and packing up everything she could think of for Gyp's comfort on the voyage.

Some of the packages

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Gyp thought were more useless than useful, except for a travelling hospital, but he didn't say so because he knew that everyone of them was wrapped with his mother's tender love and anxious care.

When the day came for Gyp to say good-bye to his home for the first time in his life, the father and mother-monkey made the parting a little easier by going with him in their own boat down the river,

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to see him safely aboard his new home on the great ship.

Gyp watched the small row-boat returning to his old home, with the two dear ones who loved him best in all the world, until it became only a speck in the distance up the bay and river, and he cried a little very softly alone in the bow of the ship, before the Captain's jolly voice hailed him with: "Cheer up, Sonny, you and I must



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be chums now. We will have some new kinds of fun on this trip, or there are no fishes in the sea."

And sure enough the Captain was right, and before the voyage was over

They had lots of fun that was funny,
and some

That wasn't so funny, in the long
days to come.

Gyp enjoyed hearing the sailormen tell strange stories of the strange lands they had visited, and about the curious trinkets they had gathered for keepsakes.

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The Captain showed him the interesting maps and charts of the seven seas he had sailed over, and explained the wonderful compass box, with a turning finger that always pointed in the direction of a single star in the sky, the one star of all the countless thousands overhead that never changed, never failed to show the way by day or night, in storm or darkness, while the compass held true to the star.

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In the Captain's cabin, which Gyp shared, were many books and other maps that told about the different countries divided by the great waters, and many a long day or evening on the broad, silent ocean, was shortened and made interesting by studying and talking with the Captain about "The world inside of little covers," as Gyp liked to call the Captain's library.

At one of the ports,

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where the ship anchored to get a supply of fresh water, Gyp asked the Captain to take him ashore, to see if they could find the hand-organ-man.

A quiet twinkle always came into the Captain's eyes when Gyp spoke of the "hand-organ-man," as if the "Master" Jocko had known was the only one in the world.

Almost as soon as they landed on the wharf, the Captain and Gyp were

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surrounded by a crowd of noisy folk, who eyed Gyp and began to clamor: "Sella-da-Monka?" "Me-buya-da-Monka!" "What-you-taka for da Monka?" until Gyp was nearly frightened out of his wits. The Captain, however, sternly told them the monkey wasn't for sale, and threatened to duck them one and all in the dock, if they bothered his friend any more.

The burly Captain's

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fierce manner made the crowd scatter, and as they ran away, some of them shook their fists and shouted, "Bada-man! Bada-man! You steala-da-Monka!"

Gyp understood only enough of this excitement to get the idea that monkeys were scarce, and that had he been alone he might have been captured and made to serve a "master" as Jocko had been in days before.

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To help him forget his fright the Captain showed him the beautiful parks and gardens, where all were free to ramble, and the great towering Cathedral Churches that were open all day and all night long, every day in the year, and on the walls and arches of which were large and beautiful painted pictures the like of which Gyp had never seen, or dreamed.

When they were safely on board ship again,

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Gyp questioned the Captain about the trouble on the wharf, and asked if the hand-organ-man was one of the noisy crowd.

“They were all hand-organ-men, or getting ready to go into the business,” said the Captain.

“What? Is there more than one hand-organ-man?” asked the innocent Gyp.

“Thousands of them,” replied the Captain. “You

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will find these strollers almost everywhere, and most of them are the kind we saw on shore, for this place is the home of the strolling hand-organ-men."

"Why do they go all over the world, and what do they do?" asked Gyp.

"Because they love music—and more to eat than they can get at home," jokingly replied the Captain, "and the half work and half play of turning the crank of the organ

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seems to come natural to those who are born tired or lazy."

"Do they all have monkeys to pick up the pennies?" asked the wondering boy-monkey, who was beginning to find that Jocko had not told him all about the subject.

"Not all of them can afford to own a monkey, but many would like to, as you saw by their eagerness to buy you to-day."

Gyp snuggled up to the

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Captain and somewhat timidly asked:

“Do you like the hand-organ-man?”

“Of course I do, in his place,” replied the Captain. “There is a good deal of the boy left in me yet, and all children like hand-organ music with or without a monkey to pick up the pennies. I used to know, when I was on shore, a grown-up sailorman who always had a handful of pennies for the children to

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give to the monkey, or the hand-organ-man, while the sailorman sat under a tree and laughed at the cross neighbor over the way who grumbled and kept asking the question: "How much longer are you going to keep that wretched hurdy-gurdy disturbing this quiet neighborhood?"

"Then the sailorman would laugh again and answer, 'Don't be in a hurry, the children are happy and I have a whole barrel of

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pennies to waste in trying to teach you to love music, or to be quiet and not disturb others who do!'

"I can tell you, Sonny, for true, that I have had more fun for my money's worth in this way than an old growler could buy with all the money in his bank."

"So you were the grown-up sailorman with a barrel of pennies to waste?" slyly remarked Gyp.

In answer to this the

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cheery Captain began to sing a little song as if to himself alone, the words of which were:

“God bless that dago’s magic
 grace!

 Old mem’ries backward wind;
A boy I knew can still retrace
 The paths he loved, and find
Still waiting there the one sweet
 face

 The years have left behind.”

“That was your mother’s face, wasn’t it?” said Gyp, softly, when the Captain’s song was ended.

The Captain looked over his shoulder, as if to see

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that no one else was listening, as he replied:

“Yes that is one—and perhaps there was another, nearer my own age in those days, when she and I used to listen to the hand-organ-man’s music of a moonlight evening.”

“Was her name ‘Dago?’” asked Gyp.

“No, no!” quickly replied the Captain. “I haven’t mentioned her name even to you; and the ‘Dago’ is only a kind of a

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nick-name sometimes given to the hand-organ-man, and I wouldn't use it if I were you, Sonny."

And so the days went by, the one star that the compass obeyed leading them straight on and on in their course, while the voyagers little dreamed of the dark day and darker night they were soon to meet on the way.

**DUMMY TO THE
RESCUE**

IV

DUMMY TO THE RESCUE



WHILE the good ship sailed on and on the jolly Captain and Gyp made the long days pass pleasantly with story-telling by the sailors, who had learned to like Gyp, and enjoyed teaching him how to sail a ship.

Then came a dark day, without sunlight, and the

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sea was wrapped in a cold gray mantle of fog-banks, so heavy and darkening that even the lookout of the masthead could see but a few feet beyond the bow of the ship.

When night came, not a star could be seen, while the ship rolled uneasily in the great blackness over, under and all around.

Suddenly in the night there came a terrible shock and crashing of timbers, and in the confusion and

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darkness Gyp heard the Captain shout:

“Man the life-boat!—the ship is sinking! Be lively and get out of the way of that iceberg if you can. Don’t wait for me.”

A few minutes later Gyp found himself clinging to the Captain who was clinging to a small raft tossing about on the water, and he heard voices from the life-boat, calling: “Shipmate, ahoy,” for a few minutes, then they

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faded away in the distance and all was silence and darkness.

All the long night the raft floated and drifted, while the Captain anxiously watched and listened, and when morning came, although the fog hung heavy upon the water, they could hear a low rumble, which the Captain said was the surf breaking on a reef or the shore.

Nearer and nearer grew the sound, until the Cap-

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tain tightened the straps of the life-preserver each had put on before leaving the ship, and said to Gyp:

“The tide is running high and may carry us on the rocks where the surf is breaking. Keep cool and cling to my back when we strike, and the good Lord may save us from drifting here, until we die of thirst or hunger. We are in His keeping, and can only trust and wait. Ready now, and hold fast!”

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With a steady rising motion the raft was lifted on the crest of a great incoming wave, and before Gyp had time to realize the danger of being dashed senseless upon the rocks the raft was swept far up on the shelving ledge and the strong Captain had scrambled to firm footing, with Gyp pluckily clinging to his back.

The raft was carried back by the rushing waters to be tossed and battered

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until only fragments remained, making it plain how narrowly they had escaped with their lives.

Wet, cold and hungry, the shipwrecked pair soon discovered that they had been cast upon a small rocky island with a single clump of fir trees on the highest point, where they were glad to take shelter and start a fire with the driftwood scattered on the rocks, the Captain's water-proof match box

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having luckily kept his matches dry.

For an hour or more it seemed as if the prospect of perishing from hunger and thirst on this lonely rocky island was about the same as when drifting on the raft, until Gyp, in groping about in the fog, chanced to find a hollow place in one of the rocks, in which a small pool of rain water had been formed.

This water had been caught in the basin-like

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hollow as it trickled down from the sloping rocks above during recent showers, and when Gyp had called the Captain to taste it, both were so refreshed and thankful that they almost forgot how hungry they were.

The Captain's quick eye soon found traces of seals and sea-gulls on the ledges, and telling Gyp to keep a sharp lookout for either he began to gather more driftwood to keep the fire

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blazing for warmth and cheer.

As Gyp crept along the ledges he tried to whistle a lively tune to keep up his courage, but somehow the tune changed to the familiar air of "Home, Sweet Home."

Suddenly he heard a splash in the water and saw on a bed of sea-weed close to the shore, a row of heads all turned towards him.

Gyp could scarcely believe his eyes, for there

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before him were half a dozen gray seals, and in spite of the tears that filled his eyes, he kept on whistling to keep their attention.

Slowly, one by one, the seals flopped off the slippery ledge into the water until only one listener was left, and this one seemed to have a narrow dark band around his body.

Almost without thought of what he was doing, Gyp cried out:

“Oh, Dummy is that

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you? Don't go away, Dummy!"

Instead of hiding in the water as his mates had done, the big seal gave a joyful bark and hitched and flopped still nearer, while Gyp climbed down to a flat rock close to the shore and cried out again:

"You know me Dummy, don't you? I am Gyp, and need a friend. Come here and let us play that this is our old Sunset rock."

In the old days Gyp had

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taught Dummy to trust him and not to fear him, and the seal came slowly but unafraid to Gyp's side and began to talk with his eyes, as if to say:

“I'm glad to see you, but how came you here?”

While petting the seal the thought came to Gyp that perhaps he could make Dummy understand how hungry he was by picking up a stone, offering it to Dummy, and pretending to try to eat it himself.

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After repeating the motions a few times, the seal moved off to the water, looking back as he went, as if to say:

“Wait a minute, I’m coming back.”

Something in Dummy’s eyes made Gyp feel sure that the seal would return, and in a few minutes up came Dummy bringing in his mouth a big fish, which he laid on the rock at Gyp’s feet.

Gyp patted and hugged



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his dripping friend and motioned toward the water again. At last Dummy seemed to understand that more fish were needed for breakfast, and off he went to the water.

Gyp hurried away with the fish to the Captain by the fire, and back again to the rock to wait for Dummy, hastily calling to the Captain:

“Keep away out of sight. I have found a friend who will fish for us

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while you cook our breakfast.”

Dummy soon brought another fish, larger than the first, and with more petting and hugging and motioning, he was kept busy bringing fish until Gyp could hardly wait any longer for his own breakfast.

Making believe to eat the raw fish with him, Gyp had the pleasure of seeing Dummy devour a part of his catch, and when the

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seal took to the water again, Gyp joined the Captain with an armful of fish, quite enough, the Captain said, to keep them from starving for several days.

While eating his share of the fish cooked by the Captain, Gyp explained about the strange meeting with his old pet, and the Captain said it was the best fish story he had ever heard, that he quite believed to be true.

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With no means of escape from the lonely island, the Captain and Gyp waited several days for the fog to lift, living on the fish and rainwater, and enjoying frequent visits from Dummy, who soon learned to like the Captain and seemed to enjoy his whistling even better than Gyp's.

Meanwhile the Captain had rigged a tall pole with a white signal of distress, by using his own and Gyp's linen, and when the wind

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freshened and the fog cleared away, a passing steamer saw the waving white flag and sent a boat to their rescue.

Dummy lay on the rock watching them as they sailed away, saying: "Good-by," with his talking eyes, and though Gyp was sorry to leave his pet behind, he knew how glad and thankful Dummy must have felt when he went swimming away from Sunset rock, and when an echo brought

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back the message: "I go to seek my own."

Fortunately the steamer was bound for the same northern port the Captain was trying to reach when the iceberg sent his good ship to the bottom of the ocean, and the cast-aways were given the best of everything on board, with the promise of being safely landed in a few days at the Captain's home.

Once there, the Captain told Gyp, he could get a

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new ship for another voyage, and until then they must make the best of their misfortunes, but Gyp must share his home until the new ship was ready.

On reaching the Captain's port, both went to the Captain's tailor to order new suits, and Gyp was so pleased with his that he had a photograph made of himself to send to the father and mother-monkey at home in far off Monkeytown.

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When the letter and photograph came, the anxious parents could hardly recognize the change that a few months and a new tailor had made in their only son.

Over and over they read Gyp's letter, while the weary months of waiting slowly went by, and often at sunset hour the lonely mother-monkey would sit on the old rock where Gyp and Dummy had played together, and softly

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sing to herself a little song
of her own making:

“May the stars watch over, and twin-
kle my love

To my boy far over the sea;
My love is as large as the sky above—
And I know he is thinking of me.”

And often
at the same
hour the fath-
er-monkey
would climb
to the top of
the tallest
palm, and
while he
watched the



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sun drop down below the far off sea rim, he would repeat over and over again the thoughts nearest his heart:

“The world is wide—will he miss the track?

I wonder if Gyppy will ever come back!”

P. S. One day there was joy in the cocoa-palm trees, for a handsome young monkey returned from his long vacation, far over the seas, full of wonderful things he had learned.

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A shipload of clothing the Captain had brought to offer for sale in his boat,



and every young monkey in Monkey-land bought a ready-made red flannel coat.

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The Captain made Gyp a co-partner in trade, the work and the profits to share, and both made a fortune, and I am afraid our Gyp's now a sad millionaire!

END

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